

# The Columbus Journal

VOL. XIX.—NO. 47.

COLUMBUS, NEB., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13, 1889.

WHOLE NO. 983.

### COLUMBUS STATE BANK.

COLUMBUS, NEB.

Cash Capital - \$100,000.

DIRECTORS:  
LEANDER GERRARD, Pres't.  
GEO. W. HULST, Vice Pres't.  
JULIUS A. REED.  
R. H. HENRY.  
J. K. TARKER, Cashier.

Bank of Deposit, Discount and Exchange.  
Collections Promptly Made on all Points.  
Pay Interest on Time Deposits.

### COMMERCIAL BANK

COLUMBUS, NEB.

CAPITAL STOCK, \$60,000.

OFFICERS:  
C. H. SHELDON, Pres't.  
H. F. H. GILCHRIST, Vice Pres't.  
C. A. NEWMAN, Cashier.  
DANIEL SCHRAM, Asst. Cash.

STOCKHOLDERS:  
J. P. BUCKNER, J. W. WELCH.  
C. H. SHELDON, H. F. H. GILCHRIST.  
H. W. WOODMAN, H. M. WINDLAW.  
W. A. GALLAGHER, C. H. SHELDON.  
W. A. McALLISTER, C. H. SHELDON.

This Bank transacts a regular Banking Business, will allow interest on deposits, make collections, buy or sell exchange on United States and Europe, and buy and sell available securities.

We will be pleased to receive your business. We solicit your patronage. We guarantee satisfaction in all business entrusted to our care.

### FOR THE WESTERN COTTAGE ORGAN

CALL ON—  
A. & M. TURNER

OF C. W. KIBLER, Trussing Mechanic.

Our organs are first-class in every particular, and guaranteed.

### SCHAFFROTH & PLATT,

DEALERS IN—  
WIND MILLS, AND PUMPS.

Best Mower, combined, Self Binder, wire or twine.

Pumps Repaired on short notice.

Our door west of Hotel's Drug Store, 11th Street, Columbus, Neb. 11-11-89

### CURE FITS!

When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I mean a RADICAL CURE. I mean to break the disease up.

### WALK EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS.

A long study, I remember my remedy to cure the worst case. Because others have failed to do so, I have made a special study of this disease. I have made a special study of this disease. I have made a special study of this disease.

### HENRY GASS, UNDERTAKER!

Oppressed me, and I began to fancy queer things. I know that dwellings were at a premium in Leadville, and this was far better than the average. Why should I be left at the mercy of the first prowling speculator? There must be some connection with this history connected with it. I felt a creeping in my veins, and then I remembered, with a shock, that there was no lock on the door. Then I recollected the clothing up stairs. Was it possible that any man would leave his property unprotected in such a fashion?

### THE DAUGHTER.

My little daughter grows again; Her curls are more abundant than of late; It seems that I must take their place. We have become such friends of late, I do not mind the minutes of our life. I do not mind the minutes of our life. I do not mind the minutes of our life.

### A NIGHT'S LODGING

It is no disgrace for a prospector to be poor, to have no bed except the blanket on his back, no friendly boarding house where his credit is good, no fortune favored comrades to lend him a helping hand and \$5. It carries no suggestion of disrepute, wild oars, or extravagance, and implies nothing worse than a run of bad luck. So I may say without shame that in the fall of '80 I was broke. Statistics show that one out of every 750 prospectors strike oil. I occupied a prominent position among the 749. Like many a better man, my claims had panned out badly, and my assays never climbed above two figures. I had pursued the silver ignis fatuus all over the Red Cliff district until my pockets were dropping off, and acquired nothing except a stone bruise on each heel.

Any one who has ever stood by a gambling table recollects the man who first loses a quarter, more in just than anything else; then a dollar, then flushes and finally pulls out a bill; then sits down and loses everything in a desperate effort to get even. That is the prospector on a small scale. He plays at the faro table of fate and loses health, home, years, strength—everything except hope, until the white smoking at his canvas, until death takes the chips out of his fingers and closes up the game. I had made pretty fair progress on this road. I had with me a veteran miner, one of the best fellows in the world, who shared my enthusiasm and thoroughly participated in my bad luck. His name was Joe Dixon.

A gentleman in Golden had "grab staked" us—giving us enough provisions to last for three months—with the understanding that he was to have a third of any discoveries. We discovered nothing, and devoured the provisions down to the last bean in the last can. Our elbows were sticking out of our sleeves, a quarter of a year's beard bristled on our chins, and we had not a five cent piece between us. This was exactly the state of our affairs when we came in sight of Leadville on our return.

We approached the camp from the southwest, and it was evening when we passed on the foothills, a mile or so away, looked down on the glimmering lights and held a council of war. Neither of us was acquainted in the place, and although we had some hopes of finding friends in the daytime, the prospects of spending the night in a strange town were unpleasant. We were not exactly welcome, but it would have been an expert to have told the difference. The spot where we stopped was a desolate looking slope, strewn with bowlders, and bare of vegetation, and presently Dixon called my attention to a large, square building that stood on a little distance away, quite by itself, and seemed, from its darkened windows, to be untenanted.

"If it's empty," he said, "suppose we sleep all night there, and in the morning we can go into camp and rustle."

We acted upon his suggestion, and proceeded to the front door. The house was a two story frame, well put together, in good repair, but apparently as empty as a drum. No response came to our knocks, so finally we pushed open the door and went in. Dixon struck a match, and we looked around and found ourselves in a large apartment, which, with another of the same size, occupied the whole lower floor. Both were furnished sparsely but well. The front room had a number of chairs, a table, and several little conveniences in it, and the rear contained a couple of beds and a washstand. On the table were a lamp, a number of papers and periodicals, all of them dated several months back, and a large inkstand in which the writing fluid had caked from disuse. The air was rather stifling, from all the windows being down, and the dust on the sills indicated that they had not been raised for some time.

We lit the lamp, and to make sure that the writing fluid had caked from disuse, we went up stairs. Here were two bedrooms and a sitting room, all well furnished, and in one of the bedrooms hung a quantity of excellent clothing. The windows of this floor were also down, and everything was as silent and lifeless as the grave.

We went back to the front room, opened up the doors and windows, and proceeded to make ourselves at home, a little puzzled, but satisfied that we had stumbled into clover. To show that we were entirely open and honest in the matter we sat in the front door and smoked, and while we were thus occupied a man drove by on the road, about a couple of hundred yards away. When opposite he pulled up slightly, and we both called out "Good evening." He made no response, but looked very hard at us, and whipped up his horse.

This incident did not disturb us and presently we turned in, rolling in our blankets on the floor. But I did not sleep. I lay on my side, and I felt the sense of strangeness in this empty house, the unnatural circumstance of it standing there untenanted.

### THE TURKISH BATH.

Perhaps the house was haunted. I had laughed at such things, but the idea, appalled me now. Then by a natural transition it occurred to my mind that some horrible crime might have been committed there. One thought that sprang out of nothingness and laid hold of me with sickening force was that a dead man was under the bed in a back room, and by some curious process that we have all experienced, but nobody can explain, I was aware that Dixon also was awake and frightened. Finally he spoke up:

"I feel wretched," he said. "I believe I'll take a turn outside."

Meanwhile the moon had risen and flooded everything with a white glare. I got up and leaned against the open door, while he, lighting his pipe, began to pace the steps. As he has been and the door was under the bed in a back room, and by some curious process that we have all experienced, but nobody can explain, I was aware that Dixon also was awake and frightened. Finally he spoke up:

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### DANGERS IN DRUGS.

Warnings to those disposed to use them carelessly.

Special Care Needed in Giving Medicines to Children—Fatal Results Possible from Remedial Quinine—Mentha, Tuba Noted.

"More men are killed by drugs than disease," is an expression one occasionally hears. How much truth it contains, of course, is problematical. But, without doubt, no small proportion of the deaths occurring are directly or indirectly due to an unwise use of medicines. Children furnish the readiest victims to the direct destructive influences of drugs.

Here is an instance where drugs, although harmless in anything like reasonable doses, may yet be the cause of death: The patient is an infant, and is suffering from diarrhea. The mother, doctor or nurse, she goes to the nearest drug store and asks for a diarrhea mixture. He gives her one made up of calomel and chalk mixture, two of the simplest of agents, with which almost every mother is familiar. This she administers for the child in the proper dose. The diarrhea lessens, but the child's condition does not improve. It even grows rapidly worse. Fever is on, the bowels are swollen, and, what is more alarming, "head symptoms" have appeared.

The physician is called, but he is powerless for the brain is affected. The little one lingers along for days and days perhaps, and finally dies from disease of the brain. Now, for the child's death the calomel and chalk mixture, harmless as they are, were yet responsible. The mixture lessened the diarrhea, but in so doing invited an inflammation of the bowels; the little one's brain, always exceedingly sensitive and susceptible to injury, was over-stimulated as a natural consequence, other and more serious changes followed, as in all such cases, and it finally died—a victim to dosing. Had not the bowels been dammed up by the calomel and chalk mixture, but instead, had they been unobscured and treated properly, neither the inflammation therein nor the brain trouble would have occurred. In much the way described are thousands upon thousands of children killed every year. And this terrible mortality will only lessen when people are made aware of the dangers of trifling with drugs.

I have been for several weeks discussing in the Sunday Herald the remedies in common use. Continuing to do so, I come now to calomel, an agent which has been much abused. As every one knows, it is a preparation of mercury. It bears the name "mild chloride," in contradistinction to corrosive sublimate, which is called the "corrosive chloride" of mercury. Calomel is very nearly three times as strong as blue pill. In one respect it is fortunate that there is no such thing as a "blue pill" in the hands of the people, the strongest of the drugs being used in the treatment of their ailments. It is likely to deter them from ever using it on their own responsibility. So strong is the prejudice there is scarcely a day passes in the life of the busy practitioner that some patient or other does not question him about his medicines and enjoin that there be no calomel in it. Without doubt there is good and sufficient reason for this distrust of the drug. In times past it was, unquestionably, not only used too often, but in much too large doses. Sedition was then the rule, and by some it was believed that calomel only had a curative effect when carried to that point. But all that is changed now.

Physicians no longer hold that it has such great power over the liver, nor that it controls inflammatory attacks, as their fathers before them believed. When calomel is given them now they never push it to salivation. That condition is very rare indeed at the present time, and never occurs when the drug is used in moderation. The patient is very susceptible to it. Physicians occasionally encounter people who have the peculiarity of constitution that makes salivation easy for them. With the compound calomel, it will almost every case be fatal. It contains one grain of calomel and three pills are a purging dose. They are usually given at bedtime, and, if failing to act the next morning, it is quite a common custom to give two more of them. This treatment is practically safe, and no one would expect salivation to follow. And yet it has done so, but very rarely indeed, however, because of the peculiar susceptibility of the patient to the drug.

The prejudice against calomel seems to have grown with general enlightenment. It does not exist with those "behind the times." In the "far western country," it is still held in high esteem, and given in enormous doses—even more than half a teaspoonful—for almost every conceivable ailment. After taking one cathartic dose of calomel alone, no one is likely to court another such experience, unless his confidence in it is absolute, for it causes intense pain. For that reason it was in olden times given with jalap, to quicken its action. But after what has been said, and all that can be said about calomel, it is not an agent which can be dispensed with. Given in proper doses in cases wisely selected, it will prove one of the most efficacious remedies known to man. And so administered, it is perfectly safe. One who does not thoroughly understand all about it should not, of course, meddle with it, for it is like an open razor in a child's hand. But if an intelligent physician ever recommends it for a patient, either old or young, it should be unhesitatingly administered.—Boston Herald.

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### National Bank!

Authorized Capital of \$250,000.

And the largest field in North America and Surpasses that of any bank in this part of the West.

Deposits received and interest paid on time deposits.

Draws on the price list cities in this country and Europe brought and paid.

Collects and all other business given prompt and careful attention.

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